Patriotic Sermon

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Isaiah, xxxviii.: 16. "So wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live."

IF there is any one duty which is thoroughly Biblical and Christian, it is the duty of a loyal submission on the part of the subject to the Sovereign Head of the Nation. As regards our attitude towards God and towards the Lord's anointed, the Bible gives us no uncertain sound; if it says "Fear God," it also says "Honor the King." Even the Son of Man Himself, though "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," was the worthiest of subjects, and ever inculcated the spirit of loyal devotion to the utter exclusion of a rebellious hostility. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." Accordingly, you will notice that what the Master taught by precept and example, the same His blessed apostles imbibed in their own life and echoed in their teaching. After the ascension had taken Him out of their sight, their very life might be, and was, in jeopardy at the hands of the ruling power; the furious blast of persecution might belch forth from the

regal chair, but nevertheless their faith and trust in the Supreme Governor, by whom kings reign, led them to entertain, as a matter of conscience, that loyal submission and obedience, as far as it was lawful and right, to him who carried the sceptre and wore the crown. Loyalty, my brethren, was no easy matter in the days of primitive christianity, when men chafed under the Roman yoke; but in these days, and especially within our own realms, it is just the opposite. It is far harder to be the disloyal subjects of such a noble-hearted King as we have: fellow comrades as we are, of an empire where the ruthless hand of no despot rules us with a rod of iron, where there runs not that unbounded licentiousness so prevalent in other countries, but where liberty is the lot of all—liberty, civil and religious—the bridle only being used where the peace of the land and the common interests demand it.

Loyalty! What a sweet word to us. In it we have borne our part. It has blazed forth from the hearths of our Canadian homes and the altars of our churches during the past two or more years, in a manner unprecedented in

the annal of Dominion life. It has swept, like the wind of heaven, through the length and breadth of every colony and dependency of the British empire with a power that has made itself felt, not only at the metropolis of imperial government and in the hearts of her island home, but with a power also which has aroused with a magnetizing influence and opened, with unbounded surprise, the eyes of every nation on the face of the earth.

A people's devotion has done all this, and it is this loyalty which, on this special day, is breathing in the hearts of us all here; swelling as it does the mighty roll in to-day's services throughout the length and breadth of the great diocese of this Dominion, where all with one great voice exclaim, "God Save the King!" Differing as we do in social standing, in political thought and in disposition, yet all is forgotten; we hear only one united voice, the *vox populi*. Disloyalty finds no place; we stand together shoulder to shoulder, a united empire, loyal to our King.

Brethren, we meet together to-day to manifest this spirit by an expression of our national

gratitude to Almighty God for His late mercies vouchsafed unto us; to ascribe unto God the honor due unto His name; and here let me first of all say, never has a nation experienced the truth of these words more than we have: "Man proposes, but God disposes." No sooner are the doors shut in the street and the daughters of music are brought low; no sooner have we put on the garments of mourning and wept at the tomb of our beloved Queen and Mother; no sooner have we dried up our tears, as she would have us, in the joy over the accession of her royal son; no sooner has the first blush of national enthusiasm burst, rising higher and higher to its meridian splendor, as its hope drew nearer and nearer to its fulfillment in the coronation of the King, than hearts which beat with joy vibrate with a sudden throb; for the garment of mirth we have the spirit of heaviness. Over the empire, far and wide, day vanishes into night; preparations made for the coming event cease, and in their silence the handiworks of the craftsmen add to a nation's grief and tell us that all our doings are seemingly nothing worth. Amidst the congratula-

tions of the wide universe, we were about to crown our King in the fervor of jubilation, when suddenly the crown is lost sight of in the cross and the nation's coronation is the Divine visitation. Instead of flocking to the Royal throne we wend our way to the Royal bed, and instead of the loyalty of a nation's shout of praise, we have that of a nation bent low upon its knees in earnest supplication that God would save our King, and God has heard our prayer and spared our King.

On August 9th a gladsome people witnessed at last the solemn and unrivalled installation, when the noble Edward was invested with the regalia of his fathers and wore the imperial crown; loved by his own—yea, loved more than ever. And with all this in memory we come to-day to the throne of grace to offer, what only can be expected and what is acceptable, our gratitude to God for our great national mercy—deliverance to our King.

"Bless Father, him Thou gavest
Back to the loyal land;
O! Saviour, him Thou savest,
Still cover with Thy hand;
O! Spirit, who dost strengthen,
Be his to guard and guide,
Now as the shadows lengthen,
And at the eventide."

Oh! What shall we render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto us? Give, my brethren, to the eternal King what you give to your earthly one. Give Him the love of a loyal and obedient heart; keep His law. Kneel as a people at the footstool of His throne, and yours shall be that glorious coronation unknown on earth and possible only in eternity—"Kings and priests for ever and ever."

Oh! be this great thanksgiving,
That with one voice we raise,
Wrought into holier living
Through all our after-days.